MOUNTAIN MILESTONES

The Lily Loom House in the Morning Mist

Penland School of Handicrafts
Penland, North Carolina

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MOUNTAIN MILESTONES

By Lucy Morgan

Photographed by
Barney Marchialette and Harvey Chase

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MILESTONES

Another MILESTONE must come out without the wit, humor and aptness of Tony Ford, for he is still among the absent. We had hoped he and Bill would return home in time for Christmas, but Tony has been sent to Lebanon to supervise crafts in the educational institutions of that country, which he is enjoying very much. Bill is in school in Beirut. They are both enjoying the beauties, the people, and the kindly climate of Lebanon.

In one of Tony's letters to Bonnie he spoke of a trip to Damascus, and of walking down the street called Straight, and of seeing the window through which St. Paul was let down in a basket.

There was excitement at Penland one day when a little miniature (but not too miniature) house arrived at the Spruce Pine station, and much man-power managed to get it onto a truck and bring it to Bonnie's door, and she and Martha, with help, got out the crates, cases and parcels, and separated those that said "open now" from those that said "do not open till I come." Then came the unpacking of the treasures Tony and Bill had sent from India —many Indian prints, gossamer saris, many huge and handsome copper trays —wait till you come, and just go to the Fords and bask among those Indian surroundings.

We are hoping for Tony and Bill in person in July, either for three months, or for keeps. Await the next MILESTONES. It may be Tony's!

GIFTS, and FRIENDS WHO HAVE MADE THEM.

Last December (1953) just before Christmas I answered the telephone and the voice of a man unknown to me said he was Mr. Charles Babcock, and that he would like to come up the following Sunday. I invited him for dinner and asked him how many there would be in his party, and he said he would like to bring his daughter, and Mr. Larson an architect.

They came. Mr. Babcock represents the Reynolds Tobacco Company, and it is they who are giving the new buildings and campus of Wake Forest College. Mr. Larson is the architect in charge.

Those two men had "the seeing eye," and it was a joy to show them Penland, and to answer their questions. Architects must be craftsmen, for Mr. Larson thought and felt as craftsmen do. Mr. Babcock must think and feel similarly, for he chose Mr. Larson. I felt that they were both kindred spirits.

Mr. Babcock asked what my plans were for Penland's future, and I told him the things I wanted to see done during the next ten years. (You will remember that I continue to say I may be active at Penland for another ten years). I mentioned the things I wanted to see accomplished in that time as being a heating plant for the Lily Loom House and Pottery, a new metal shop, and a new maintenance shop, and funds enough to pay reasonable salaries to teachers. (At present we pay kitchen help more than we pay teachers).

Soon after they left, Mr. Babcock asked for figures on these improvements, and before the letter was cold in my hands I called Mr. Biddix of the Spruce Pine Lumber Company, and he was in my office in 20 minutes. We figured and estimated, and the next day I went to Mr. Deyton who may have had more experience in building buildings than any other person in Mitchell County and he figured and estimated. Then I sent the results to Mr. Babcock, and very soon I had a letter saying we would receive a check for a heating plant for the Loom House and Pottery.

I told you in my June letter that the heating plant was being installed.

To really know what that heating plant means to us you would need to have been acquainted with the Lily Loom House and the Pottery during

winters, when all the heat we had was from stoves. A stove made the office comfortable, but imagine one stove in one corner of that great weaving room, about 50' x 80'. It was possible to move one's loom close to the stove and get warm on one side. When that side was baked, and the other side congealed, then one could turn the loom around and reverse the process.

In short, imagine coming into the loom house now on a cold winter morning, opening the door, and being greeted with warm, inviting atmosphere. The whole building is like that. We glow and purr.

Same with the pottery.

I wrote you in June what we did with the special gifts which we had from many of you toward the heating plant. You who were back for the summer were able to help us enjoy all of these — the difference which paint and putty had made where they had been greatly needed, the new bathroom at the Pines which had eliminated much of the necessity for standing in line, the unbelievable comfort and beauty brought to the pottery by re-building the entire inside, and the addition of cabinets in the office so that we think we really look professional. We know we feel much more serene and mentally harmonious now that we look orderly.

You all may have seen the Lily Mills issue of "Practical Weaving Suggestions" with a picture of me in two of the dresses I wove under the direction of Sis Fink of Denmark.

Harvey took a picture of me in those dresses and as usual, I looked so like myself that I just could not have those pictures go to print. Neither could Lily Mills. In my thinking I am always young, and youth is not usually too hard to look at. But when I come face to face with reality, it is more than I can gracefully take.

So Lily Mills had me go down to High Point, to what seemed to me a Hollywood studio where "Weaving Suggestions" is published, to be photographed. The first question they asked me was, "Can you use lipstick?" and you see by the picture that I did.

Anyway, it took a lot of experimenting and repeated shots to get something that Lily's representative, Mrs. Hedrick, was willing to print.

The photographic studio with all those bright lights and reflectors was under the same roof with samples of furniture, for High Point is supposed to be the furniture center of the United States of America.

I casually made the remark that our school needed extra furniture to make us more comfortable and better looking for our 25th anniversary. For instance, some of our beds dated back to our beginnings in the Craft House, and even when they were new they were not deluxe.

Mrs. Hedrick said she had gone to college with the presidents of some of those furniture companies, and why not go around and call on them while we were waiting for photographic processings. Nothing could have suited me better.

Asking for gifts is not one of my favorite pastimes, but Mrs. Hedrick made it an intriguing social diversion. She would go in, introduce me as a rare find, tell a little about the school and open the way for me to add a few details.

It was really and truly a thrilling day's work. Those presidents gave as if the giving made them happy. There was no doubt of their making a happy woman of me.

The Continental Furniture Company, Mr. Ditweiler, President, gave six large and handsome plate glass mirrors and four benches, and told us his contribution was not only for this year, but that he meant to do something annually.

Dallas, Inc., Mr. Dallas, President, gave two overstuffed davenports and two chairs to match, and even paid the express charges.

The Dixie Bedding Company, Mr. Glass, President, gave four innerspring mattresses.

The Lucas National, Inc., Mr. Lucas, President, gave seven beautiful but simple spool beds and three stools.

The Mebane Mattress Company, Mr. Ben Warren, President, gave six mattresses.

Lily Mills is giving money this year to paint the woodwork of the Lily Loom House. They are annual contributors.

Both they and the Cleveland Mills sent odd lots of yarn for us to sell in order to augment the anniversary fund.

The Baker-Cammack Hosiery Mills sent a shipment of sports sox for the same purpose.

The Eureka Furniture Company sent a cash contribution to this fund.

We wish next year might bring every one of these friends to Penland. Each new group of friends adds new interest and new zest to our horizons. For me especially they add new courage and new hope for Penland's future.

Another gift we had during our anniversary year was from a dear friend of long standing, who had been with us back in the early days when we were living in the old Pines.

This friend wrote me that she had been left a gift of $2,000.00 which she did not need, and asked if we would accept and use it for some of Penland's needs. The Angel! How many times in one's lifetime can there be an experience such as that? When the check came it was for $3,500.00. I like to think this gift made our friend as happy as it made us. Her letters sound as if it did.

Another gift that touched me was from a friend who wrote in response to my New Year's letter and said, "I can just as easily give $25.00 as $5.00. And she did.

It is unusual to know someone who can give $25.00 just as easily as $5.00, and more unusual to know someone who says so.

Two people have given a dollar for every year of Penland's life—$25.00 when we were 25 years old, and although they have not said they expect to do this world without end, they sounded as if they meant it. I like that thought.

Gifts to the outdoor Shrine are mentioned later in connection with the Craftsman's Services at that shrine.

MRS. McELWAIN, WHO CAME FOR 3 DAYS, AND STAYED 20 YEARS.

You will remember that Radcliffe is Mrs. McElwain's special baby, and she sees to it that it is kept in repairs and that additions are made toward its beauty and comfort every year. Many of you, too, will remember that you have helped to make this possible by leaving or sending things that she sells to any and all of us, including the neighbors, so when you go through your house, closets and drawers, remember this.

Some of the things her efforts have made possible this year for Radcliffe are new and needed screens for porches and windows, two roomy closets, with shelves, for two of the bedrooms, 6 lawn chairs and a table which were in almost constant use from the time they were delivered, a de luxe clothesline in the back yard, tulip bulbs which have been planted in the front yard, three innerspring mattresses. Lastly and less romantic, a new needed toilet bowl to replace a cracked one.

My sorority, Alpha Sigma Tau, makes a contribution every year, and has given and furnished one of our largest and most attractive bedrooms in The Pines.

HAND WEAVER AND CRAFTSMAN gives annually our one and only scholarship.

MARTTA TAIPALE OF HELSINKI, AND HER TAPESTRY.

Even you who saw and enjoyed the office in the summer will have something to look forward to when you return, for on the north wall is the large tapestry designed for that particular spot by Martta Taipale of Helsinki, and woven by her interpreter and assistant, Sirkka Ahlskog.

This tapestry is about 4½' x 9' and depicts Penland and its meaning. You can get some idea of it from the illustration. The colors are glowing, and such as only Martta Taipale could produce. One of the modern artists working under her said, "Her colors are like music."

Colors in this tapestry blend into the coloring of the woodwork of the office, and into the colors of the rock work of the walls. And, too, there are contrasts in vivid tones which, if they are like music, might be strains from some Wagnerian opera. Come see it!

Martta Taipale Presents her Tapestry

PROGRESS IN INSTRUCTION.

For our 25th anniversary we had planned some special features in instruction, and a few special features just came our way without our planning.

Last year's catalog told you of Mr. Edward Taggart's gift to us of his Swedish-type damask loom. He not only gave it to us, he even paid the freight on it, and it was heavy! Then when Col. Fishback got here in the early summer, Mr. and Mrs. Taggart came down, accompanied by Mr. Jack Rhodes who had made the loom with and for Mr. Taggart, and those three men assembled that loom for which we had yearned ever since our first craft trip to Europe.

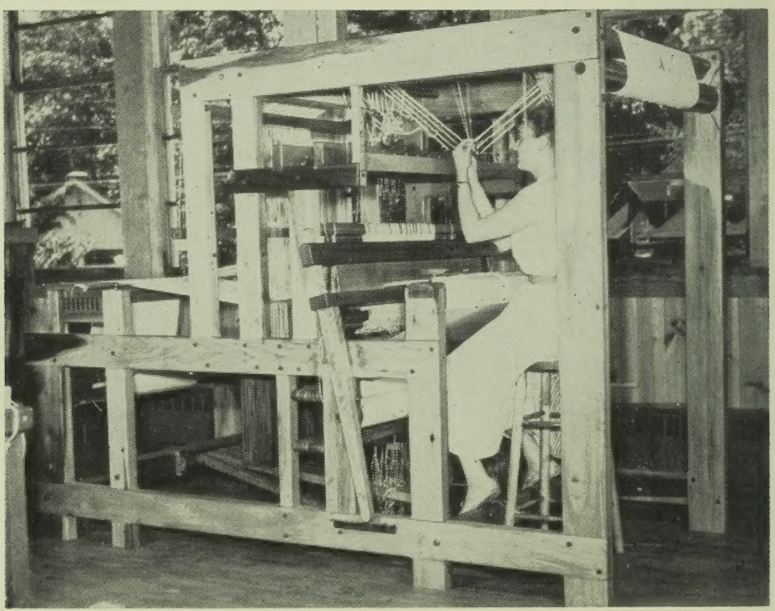
When our last catalog went to press we did not know definitely that we were going to be able to have a special Swedish teacher for teaching the damask weaving, but those arrangements were made later.

Among the Swedish schools of weaving which we visited, was Handerbetets Vanner across a waterway from Stockholm. There we saw a piece of damask which interested us more than any other we saw in all our trip. Both Col. Fishback and I yearned to own that piece with such a great yearning that we timidly asked if there were any chance that it might be for sale. (We didn't want to sound like commercial Americans), and Miss Beal who is Principal of that school, said she would introduce us to the student who wove it and we could ask her. So we met Inga Werther who had one more year before graduating from that weaving school.

She told us she had woven that piece for a member of her family, but that if we were willing to wait several months, she would weave another for us. We finally ordered three — one for the school, one for Col. Fishback, and one for me.

As soon as we knew Mr. Taggart was going to give us his loom, we wrote Miss Werther to see if she might be willing to come to Penland for the little Penland could afford to pay to get her here. Finally arrangements were made, and she came in time to help in assembling the loom, and she taught damask weaving all summer.

It is worth a trip to Penland just to know Inga, and to work with her is something one could not forget. She is sweet and gentle and kind, and knows weaving as few do. She is coming back to us for June and July, 1955.



Inga Werther at the Damask Loom

Miss Ta'pale's instruction has already been mentioned in connection with the tapestry which so beautifully dominates the office in the Lily Loom House.

Another interesting innovation was Col. Fishback's 16-harness, two warp-beam Macomber loom which was built by Mr. Macomber in consultation with Col. Fishback. The school does not yet own a 16-harness loom, so this one created a great deal of interest both here, and at the Craftsman's Fair in Asheville, where it and the Colonel were a part of the Lily Mills exhibit, he weaving and answering questions.

Col. Fishback spent much of his spare time, which was mostly at night, weaving draperies for the new weaving department of the Lily Mills Company at Shelby. These he wove in his own original 16-harness design.

Mr. and Mrs. Macomber came to Penland, and to the Craftsman's Fair, to observe this loom in operation under its new master.

Colonel and Ellen Fishback are off on a new venture this year.

The Colonel is doing some special work for Lily Mills Company that will take the Fishbacks through the southeast and into the west during the summer months.

They expect to call on many of our Federal Institutions where weaving is done in the Occupational Therapy Departments and will also be contacting other institutions and groups of weavers that are in the areas covered by this special trip.

This is somewhat of a good-will tour with the Colonel using his professional and technical knowledge to assist the Occupational Therapy Departments in their weaving program.

Of course the hub of the weaving department was Mr. Peters. There is just one like him and we wouldn't trade him for any dozen instructors from anywhere.

And there was Irene, and Ginny Munford back from the Scandinavian studies with new ideas and mighty tales to tell. They brought a most complete and beautiful selection of craft work, and on special occasions displayed it in the lounge and the library of the Craft House, and told of their experiences in the countries where they studied. This exhibit will be put on from time to time, and that is another thing it is worth coming to Penland to see.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard were back, she helping with the weaving instruction and he teaching all day in the metal enameling shop.

Pappy Sims held forth in the little outdoor metal shop, teaching metal forming and lapidary work. But his instruction was not all given under the roof of the outdoor shop, but much of it was given out under the sky, for he took his classes, and any others who wanted to join them, on frequent field trips to collect semi-precious stones which they brought back, cut, polished, and then took down to Lorna to use in jewelry creations under her supervision, for Lorna Manzler again did an excellent job in the teaching of jewelry making in the regular metal shop.

Helen Matson assisted Pappy Sims in the general metal work, and Norma Wiesner taught silversmithing.

Ingeborg Hugo, who had come to us on an exchange fellowship for the summer of 1949, was with us for two weeks in July teaching bobbin lace and doing crafts for fun. We were especially pleased to have her for she and her family entertained us most graciously when we were in her country.

You will be interested to know that the tea service in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Worst is being made by Norma Wiesner. We cogitated concerning this set, whether we should buy it in this country, or get Tony to bring it from India, and then it occurred to us that the most appropriate thing would be for a Penland person to make it, with love and care. This we know will add to its meaningfulness. When you come next, you may have the joy of being served from this set.

Our own Mrs. Rissie Sparks was in charge of metal enameling, and as always she was helpful, generous, patient — a good teacher, and a person

who gave more than good teaching and good craftsmanship. I am always especially proud when our own neighbors make such a contribution to the teaching force.

Pop Lukens and Adelaide Chase kept pottery students happy and busy in the rejuvenated pottery, and the special assistant chosen by Pop was — who do you supose? His very own wife. And speaking of his own family, if Uncle Sam hadn't had a little more pull than we have, we might have had Glen Lukens for the summer. Uncle Sam, very inconsiderately, sent him to Haiti instead.

For the school's use, out of the pottery department came flower containers — low, tall, large, small, dark, light — which were in use for the various and sundry occasions that were always cropping up, and especially were they beautifully used when our good friend Henry Greenwall was with us. We know that he has some kind of a national certificate as a flower arranger, but mostly, we think, he does his arranging by instinct. Who couldn't look the flower market over, choose at will, and make a pleasing arrangement? And who but our Mr. Greenwall could take a castor bean leaf, a Jimson weed seed pod and a spike of bear grass and make something so exotic that even the photographers hover around with their flashlights, tripods and all the paraphernalia whose names I don't know?

Just as Flossie and Lester were only half complete before Penland brought them together, so also was the non-fired Pottery Department only a projected shadow of itself before they together had the opportunity of building it into one of the very popular departments of the school. Just to stroll through our own buildings and observe the lamps and shades in harmony with their surroundings will give you a flavor of the artistry and the professional planning and creating that emanate from their department. There are things other than romance that have been nourished in that little vine-covered building, but perhaps the greatest of all is romance.

In Related Crafts, Mrs. Burns had her usual capable crew, Floride Stoddard, Charlotte Zerfoss and Margaret Phillips; and for extra help, Lib Smith. Some exceptionally interesting silk screen printing was done, some of it being in several colors. Silk screen printing and leather work were the most popular of the crafts done there, with a touch of chair seating, guimp work and various of the other dozens of things that people in that department have at their fingertips.

You have probably received Christmas cards that originated in our Related Crafts. Or if you have visited Charlotte Zerfoss in her new home you have admired her draperies that many of us gazed upon with envy as they hung drying on the third floor of Lily Loom House.

John Morgan taught wood carving, design, and the making and playing of shepherd's pipes. He not only gave a lecture course in design, but helped the students who wished it in planning their craft projects.

He also had a few special students in sketching, drawing and painting, much of this work being done in our beautiful out-of-doors.

He and Louise were gracious hosts in their gracious home, "Heavens Above." An evening on their terrace looking down over the treetops to the moonlit world below; listening to the whip-poor-wills; or sitting out there in the early dawn, with the clouds in the valley below and the hills appearing as islands — these are memories that will "flash upon that inward eye" and bring refreshment long after you have returned to the outer world.

MARY BLACK.

One of our rich experiences of the year was having Mary Black with us — author of "Key to Weaving."

She is much more than author, and much more than Director of Handicrafts of Nova Scotia. She is one of my favorite people. You know yourself

it takes a lot of good things to make up a favorite person, and more than just good things. It takes spice and wit, too, and humor and humanity and things like that.

Miss Black taught weaving in October, and did tapestry with Martta Taipale. She made us all happy, and we think we made her happy, too.

Our good neighbor Mrs. Fred Smith was hostess at The Pines, keeping everybody both entertained and happy. We like our neighbors.

A person who is a pillar of Penland, and so quietly carries on her duties that we are likely to just take her for granted, is Bonnie Willis Ford. Nobody comes to Penland without being strengthened and helped by their contacts with her. As many have said, she is a Rock of Gibraltar. To me, she is more and more like her mother, who was our first community weaver, and my counselor and guide in the early years of Penland's craft work, in which she played so essential a part.

Two special courses in photography in June and October are increasingly popular. Although Joe Clark started us on the idea of photography at Penland, he has not been able to enjoy these experiences with us for the past two years.

Mr. Frank Purrington, Barney Marchialette and Harvey Chase have continued with these photographic courses, and whether you be a photographer or a mere onlooker as I am, you feel the eagerness of that photographic group as they gather on our hilltop and dart off in this direction and that, then come home at night and prognosticate as to just what day Nature will begin her most spectacular display.

The park naturalists could tell them that the fifteenth of June and the fifteenth of October would always be a good bet, but there is always the excitement of knowing that there is variation, and that no two years are alike.

Anyone who has seen the hundreds of acres of Catawbiense (purple rhododendron to us) in full bloom on Roan Mountain can understand why it is said that this vast Garden of Eden was the last place the gods walked before leaving the earth. In speaking of this to Paul Green, he said, "Did the gods ever leave the earth?" Of course not. Not when we have the Roan Mountain with us.

Of course the Roan was a little more fun for me when the only way to get there was by muleback, or as we usually made it, by mule wagon, starting before sun-up and getting to the top just as the sun was disappearing. But it is still a little bit of heaven, even when it is a matter of only about an hour's drive by automobile, and is cluttered with a world of human beings, like you and me.

In the spring we know that this is the most beautiful season of the year. Then, when fall comes, we know we are mistaken, and that nothing could be quite so gorgeous as all the varied autumn coloring spread out on every mountainside. Again the photographers dart hither and thither watching every favorite peak, tree, shrub, seed pod.

Photographers are fun. I like them.

Photography can be practical, too. Harvey and Barney are working on sets of slides showing the successive steps in the teaching of the various crafts. These slides are used in our own classes, and can be bought either separately or in sets. Separate slides are 60c, and the pottery set at present numbers 18 slides.

DIVERSIFIED INTERESTS COORDINATED.

Katie Lewis did such a good job of keeping the gift shop attractive and its contents desirable that she often had to forget that noon was mealtime, and sometimes even dinner went by the board.

Another call she couldn't resist was the flower gardens. When Joan took care of the shop for her Katie was likely to be found among the flowers or in

the dirt, with Pete and John fetching and carrying, and she even grabbed Fred from the vegetable garden with his hoe and shovel — when she could catch him.

She really had a field day working the photographers, for they soon found that real popularity could be bought if they returned from their cloud and flower chasing with the back of their car full of rare ferns, the dainty little wild iris, a rhododendron that had been uprooted by road-building on the Roan, for which just the right spot was waiting.

Mr. Purrington must have learned diplomacy as well as banking before he graduated from the Federal Reserve Bank in Chicago and retired into photography, for he came home one day with a whole bushel of walnut hulls for Katie and Mrs. Conley to use in vegetable dyeing.

I think that was the day he got lost when he was out on one of his trips seeing the world. He finally came upon a woman sitting under a black walnut tree with a rock in her hand beating the outer hulls off of the walnuts, before storing them away for the winter. Mr. Purrington asked the lady to please tell him where he was, for he was lost. She said, "You are on Pigeon Roost." He at least knew he was roosting high, for this was on the side of the Roan Mountain.

Then those walnut hulls gave him another thought — Katie and Mrs. Conley and the dye pot — and he asked her what she was going to do with the hulls. She said "nothing," so he rummaged in the back of his car, produced a tow sack, and gleefully bagged the hulls and proudly brought them home. Thus he made the woman happy by cleaning up the hulls from her yard, made Katie and Mrs. Conley happy over their steaming dye pot, and made the school happy with the skeins and skeins and more skeins of beautiful rich brown yarn for which the students had been clamoring.

Ellen Fishback quietly and efficiently functioned in her varied capacities as general hostess at the Craft House, server of daily afternoon teas, planner of the social calendar, including mountain trips and picnics, planner and arranger of craft exhibits which are changed from week to week, and are open to the public.

Another rare person of our Penland Household is Kit Marchialette who always sees things to be done, and does them. She it was who wove special materials for upholstering chairs and davenports which were given to us, thus making them part of Penland's warp and woof. When Irene needed special weaving done at the Weaving Cabin, she did that. When we needed somebody to carry the mail twice a day, she did that. We are going to keep Kit. Next year she will be hostess at the Craft House.

MATRIMONY?

Under the heading of MATRIMONY, there were no weddings. We had two in 1953, so rested up for this year, it being our 25th anniversary with many extra things going on to keep us entertained.

One bride and groom of last year were back with their adorable Penland grandchild. Theresa and Johnny Conley brought us much joy by bringing their four-months-old little Stephanie to see us.

The other bride and groom of last year, Adelaide and Harvey Chase are spending part of December, January and February in Mexico, most of the time at San Miguel studying pottery, metal enameling and photography. They will also enjoy crafts and ruins in many other places. They will have much to show, teach and tell when they return.

For one who has never practiced marriage, I seem to get an inordinate amount of joy out of Cupid's maneuverings as I observe with satisfaction the results of Penland romances.

NEIGHBORS FROM AFAR.

You have met in these pages some of those from foreign lands who have taught with us at Penland.

There were also students on Fulbright and United Nations fellowships, and through other exchange agencies, and among them were those who represented two additional countries to be added to our world family — Ceylon and Pakistan.

There were Mr. Mendis and Mr. Sariffodeen from Ceylon, Mr. Gour from India, Mr. Hourme from Finland, Mr. Hellkas and Ingaborg Hugo from Norway; Lady Noon, Mrs. Minwalla and Miss Mowla from Pakiston, and Miss Bloom and Dr. Wunderlich from Germany.

I have especially enjoyed the philosophy of our Indian students and Mr. Gour was no exception. I like what he wrote in my guest book, and I think you will like it too, so here it is:

> "While I write a few words about this wonderful place, I am fully conscious, in fact more conscious than anyone else, of my own limitations to correctly assess the value and importance of an institution like the Penland School of Handicrafts. But I cannot help recording my spontaneous reactions to what I saw here during this one week of my stay on the Campus.
>
> Two things have impressed me the most: One, the entire emphasis is, as should be, on the learn-by-doing method of instruction. The beginners don't have to confront the baffling theoretical explanations of how things happen; but they just see all that happens (in their own hands) as they work and can easily correlate the different stages in the process of doing their job. Second, the open-door system of making the craft instruction available even to casual visitors and transients is one of the most wonderful I have yet seen. It is a very broad-based technique of mass-education, where by education we understand enriching the minds of the people. No formal admissions and discharges; one could stay in the School as long as one felt like staying. One has to choose what one wants to learn to make, and is straightway helped to put his or her hand to the job. One is thus enabled to utilise even a couple days' leisure to learn some craft, or at least the rudiments of it. He can improve upon his accomplismments as and when conditions allow. No system can be more conducive to the disseminating of knowledge among the people at large, nor another more capable of arousing the learner's enthusiasm to such a high pitch.
>
> While the school has done outstanding service to the community (of which I saw quite a deal during my visits to a number of homes, far and near), I feel an institution of this type has an additional significance too, specially in relation to the staggering speed at which machines are conditioning the day-to-day life pattern of the people of this country. These machines are being permitted to ride rough-shod the potentialities of the human mind and the subtle capacity of the human hand, while they give us comfort and more of leisure to enjoy life. Schools such as this one, stand for teaching how to fill in that leisure so that it may be a real joy to them. Popularization of craft education and craft work-shops, like the Penland one, will be more and more needed to help the communities to meet the challenge of a machine-ridden civilization threatening to choke up the very springs of creativity and power of expression of the human mind. I hope thoughtful people have already realised the value of handicrafts and their place in the social set-up of this progressive country.

I am grateful to the entire staff for treating me with such kindness and courtesy. My stay here will be an unforgettable experience to me, and if I ever have another chance to come to this hospitable and friendly country, I shall not like to miss visiting the Penland School of Handicrafts. Thank you, all.

Uma Shanker Gour
8/29/54."

The visit of Mr. Hellkas was especially prolific, for through his efforts and interest we are to have Mr. Sigurd Alf Eriksen of Oslo with us from May to the end of October, teaching metal enameling and general metal work. Mr. Hellkas says of Mr. Eriksen:

"Mr. Eriksen is one of our most famous and clever men in the field of enameling work in Norway. Therefore, I suppose, he is one of the best enameling artists in Europe. He is a master craftsman, and is teaching enameling at the big school of applied and fine arts in Oslo. I think you will find Sigurd Alf Eriksen excellent for the job. And I think, too, you should be happy to get him connected to your school."

We had never before had a guest from Pakistan and we were entirely captivated by the three winsome ladies from that country. I would like to know that they learned as much from us as we did from them, for then I would know Penland had been a rich experience for many people.

Lady Noon is the wife of the Premier of Pakistan. We all gathered in the Craft House lounge one evening to hear her tell about her country and about the work she, Miss Mowla and Mrs. Minwalla were doing toward bringing about better conditions of health, education, economics and general living, especially for women.

Mrs. Minwalla and Miss Mowla of Pakistan

Lady Noon, wife of Premier of Pakistan, and Allen Eaton, author of Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands.

After her talk we all asked questions until she was practically speechless. Even though our interest prompted us to keep her talking so long that we may have seemed cruel, we went to bed that night with a warm feeling for Pakistan, and much admiration for the strides they are making in their national life, and for the progressive thinking of her leaders represented by these three able women who were so interesting to know, and so easy to look at.

Miss Bloom and Dr. Wunderlich came to us just before Christmas when our family was small and there was more time to share them with our neighbors in the country.

Miss Bloom is superintendent of one school district of Hamburg, Germany, consisting of 17 schools. She is also author of several books describing her

method of "learning by doing." She visited many of the grades of our Spruce Pine Schools, and a special assembly was called for all the high school students, so that they could hear her speak of her work among the children of Germany. I was pleased that the children were interested enough to ask many questions.

We could easily understand that Dr. Wunderlich was a successful director of a youth center in Westphalia, and we suppose our evenings with him around the open fire were samples of what the young folks enjoy with him in free Germany. We looked forward from one evening to another to having him lead us in German and American folk songs, often acting them out in pantomine.

We were proud, too, to share Dr. Wunderlich with various civic groups of our county for he accepted invitations to speak before the Rotary Club and the Woman's Club of Spruce Pine. We know that such experiences help us to realize that when we know people we like them, and that liking people and having them like us is one of the greatest happinesses we have.

A NEIGHBOR FROM NOT SO FAR.

One of the joys of the summer was a visit from Mr. Allen Eaton, author of "Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands" and other books. I think of him as a guiding star in the days when the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild was being formed, and was going through its growing pains, and joys. He is a choice person, and if you don't know him, you should.

Members of The Board of Trustees with Governor Hodges

SPECIAL OBSERVATIONS OF OUR SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

On July 25, Lt. Governor Luther Hodges, who has since become Governor of North Carolina, came to us for a special celebration of our silver anniversary.

Students, staff and neighbors had gathered on the lawn of the Lily Loom House to hear Governor Hodges, and he rewarded us with a most stimulating and challenging message. Our local newspaper quotes him thus:

> "The greatest thing that each of us can do today is to make the most of the work we find to do . . . In the midst of international tensions and world-wide uncertainties we need more than ever to go back to the fundamentals, as has been done here at Penland . . . Here at Penland much has been done in improving our relations with countries around the world by exchanging with their handicraft leaders, handicraft skills. To me, that is one of the outstanding accomplishments of this institution that has done so much and gone so far."

On that occasion, too, we looked for a moment at what we were twenty-five years ago, and what we were on July 25, 1954. Then I introduced the members of the Board of the Penland School of Handicrafts — Bonnie Ford, Clementine Douglas, Mr. Jason Deyton, Mr. Edward Fortner, Mr. Fred Biddix, Mr. Sidney Montague.

Mr. Deyton read a letter from Maria Halva who was with us seven months in 1952-1953, asking him to present two very choice craft books to the school. These books were accompanied by a beautifully hand decorated little leaflet with the following message to our school from the craft educators who had done so very much for our people when we were in their country:

> "PENLAND SCHOOL OF HANDICRAFTS — 25 YEARS 1954.
>
> The words Penland and Finland prove certainly, that the Penlanders and the Finns are relatives.
>
> By having the pleasure of knowing the student exchangers between Penland and Finland, we have been acquainted with the interesting craft and social education, which Penland School of Handicrafts, directed by Miss Lucy Morgan, gives every year in many ways to an international group of students.
>
> For these good reasons we want to congratulate the School now and onward, joining the celebrators though here. Our best wish is, that the career of the School in creating the international understanding in the mankind will encourage and inspire the people also in the future. May the School in the Mountains always have the real success and happiness it has from God.
>
> As a sign, that there are beautiful, beloved connections between Penland and Finland, take, please, the books "Ryi'jy-Rugs of Finland" by U. T. Sirelius and "Design in Scandinavis" by Remlov-Wirkkala.
>
> Kasityonopettajien Liitto—Handarbetslararinneforbundet:
>
> Kerttu Aho, chairman, Taivaanvuohentie 3.B.
> Pirkko Kilpio, secretary, Lauttasaari.
>
> Raili Seraste, supervisor for girls' crafts in Helsinki City elementary schools.
>
> Maria Halva, supervisor for girls' crafts at the State Board of Education.
>
> The teachers of Helsingin kasityonopettajaopisto, Kulmak. 5. Helsinki:
> Hulda Kontturi,
> Irja Teerisuo,
> Aino Ollila,
> Idi Lindholm,
>
> The teachers of Fredrika Wetterhoffin Kotiteollisuusopisto, Hameenlinna:
> Alli Blomstedt,
> Helmi Adaltonen,
> Aili Henriksson,
> Laila Kartlunen,

Eeva Grano,
Aira Kilpia,
Anneli Anttila,
Martta Saarto,
Kaarina Gustafsson,
Pia Hypen.

Viivi Merisalo,
Ilma Neiminen,
Helvi Pyysalo,
Paula Tolonen,
Oili Tuominen,
Rakel Valla.

Maija-Liisa Suni, teacher at the Vocational School for Girls in Helsinki.

Mrs. Noora Halva, "Christmas-Mother" to Irene and Ginny in Jyvaskyla 1953.

Toini-Inkeri Kaukonen, supervisor for crafts of women in the schools under Board of Agriculture."

EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES.

The Craftsman's Fair put on by the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild has become an annual event, and for the past three years it has been held in the Auditorium in Asheville.

Every year many of our students and staff want to see this Fair, for it is really as unique, complete and varied a craftsman's fair as you will find, with outstanding exhibits of crafts from the entire southern mountain region, and a great number of crafts being demonstrated.

This year we planned for our people to see the Craftsman's Fair Saturday, thus losing only half a day of craft instruction at Penland. We also included plans and arranged for those interested, to drive on to Cherokee for Saturday night, and see the outdoor pageant, "Unto These Hills."

For the following morning, we arranged with Mr. Hummel, Superintendent of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, for park rangers to meet our group for a conducted hike into the Smokies.

They also had an opportunity to see, just after entering the Smoky Mountains National Park, the Pioneer Museum. In this museum is what we think of as The Penland Room, which has been arranged and in part, furnished by Penland. There you will find yarns carded, spun and dyed by our Mrs. Conley, and curtains made of such yarns, woven by our Katie Lewis, and much else of interest.

On the grounds near this museum is the growing "Farmstead," with many old log buildings moved from the adjoining area, making a farmstead typical of the period which these old buildings represent.

This outdoor museum interest me very much, for the old log houses of the pioneer days are too rapidly disappearing.

Every summer we have at least one craftsman's service at our little outdoor shrine. This service is one that was compiled by the Rev. Peter W. Lambert the year our school was ten years old, and if you have not seen or heard it, you would be surprised to see how complete and beautiful a craftsman's service can be gleaned from the Bible, including the Apocrypha.

Our neighbor, Mart Grindstaff built an altar of native stone for our shrine. A frontispiece for this altar was designed and created by Grace Smyth, and portrays St. Joseph, patron saint of craftsmen. I had not realized there was a patron saint of craftsmen, but of course St. Joseph was a carpenter, and therefore a craftsman. (That doesn't mean that all craftsmen are saints).

This summer we asked Bishop Henry of our diocese to conduct a craftsman's service in July, and to dedicate our shrine. This he did, assisted by Mr. Lambert, just at sunset. The hymns were sung to the accompaniment of the shepherd's pipes played by John Morgan and his students, and the

Bishop's message of inspiration was accompanied and added to by the song of the woods thrush. Someone afterwards wanted his message in print, but how could that be when much of it was impromptu since he could not tell beforehand what part would be taken by the woods thrush and the evening dove?

After this service, one student said she wanted to make a gift to Penland's anniversary fund, but did not want to give toward anything drab like grocery bills, a heating plant, or maintenance, but would like her gift to go toward making our shrine more attractive.

She told me that when she first came to Penland she had lost through death the person who was most dear to her, and that as far as she was concerned, the spark had gone out of life. Among her experiences at Penland had been a craftsman's service conducted by my brother Rufus, and one of the prayers used was the one of St. Francis, part of which is:

> "O divine Master, grant that we may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning, that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

She said this prayer meant something of a turning point in her life, with "The Peak" in the background silhouetted against the sunset glow, and the service itself full of meaning and depth coming directly from the heart of the clergyman.

The area about the shrine had been encroached upon by those seeking a parking space, and there had never seemed to be money or time to make of it the secluded place where we could sit with our thoughts and commune with nature.

When Miss Z. gave me a check which I thought was more than ample for retrieving and re-creating the natural beauty about the shrine, we got our good friend Mart Grindstaff to come up and build a low stone wall to enclose the space to be used for the services. Then Fred ploughed and spaded the earth, and planted grass.

Of course the money had long since evaporated, for even a few feet of stone wall cost a good many dollars, not to mention much other labor involved.

Before we had to pay the final bills, a very thoughful man who had observed inconspicuous needs before, and had met them, came to the office and said, "Here's a check I want you to use toward finishing that prayer place." The check was ample to finish the job, so the walls are finished, the grass is up, shrubs are planted, and all is ready for you to enjoy when in a pensive mood. We are grateful.

Years ago when Rufus was with us for his annual craftsman's service, we had with us for the first time Mr. Arthur Stupka, Chief Naturalist of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, who gave us an illustrated talk on the Smoky Mountains Park.

Rufus and the service, the sunset, the birds, Mr. Stupka, all of Penland were so harmonious and so pleased with each other that from that day to this we have planned to have Rufus and Mr. Stupka at the same time, the craftsman's service to be followed by Mr. Stupka's illustrated talk.

This summer we also had with us Mr. Edward Hummel, Superintendent of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, Mr. Bill Lord, Chief Naturalist of the Blue Ridge Parkway, and Mr. Robert Howe of the National Forestry Service, all of whom gave wonderfully interesting pictures and talks on our mountain region.

We always ask these naturalists to go on nature walks with those interested, and there are always "those interested."

We have already made plans for all these Naturalists to be with us again next summer.

Another treat we have in store for next summer (1955) is a mountain ballad night when Dr. and Mrs. Isaac Greer will join us, she playing the dulcimer and he singing mountain ballads. They, like I, grew up in the mountains, and these ballads were daily diet. I like the Greers, and you will, too. They are to be at Penland the middle of June, so that we can exchange treats, we showing them the top of the Roan Mountain when there should be hundreds of acres of rhododendron in bloom.

EXCERPTS FROM THE GRAPEVINE.

Yes, Lieutenant Governor Hodges drank coffee with the Townline group. Not out of a Townline cup, for we didn't have time for such preparation. It was a pleasant little time, and all there felt privileged to meet a man who could make such an excellent speech. It was clear he didn't want any politics at all brought into the occasion of the day. But there he did tell a little story.

He said that in the early days of his campaigning he went to a little town where some of the real people live. He met them and talked to them, and after a while he brought himself around to suggest they vote for him.

One man turned to another and said, "I guess we might as well, the other feller ain't showed up."

SPEAKING OF BEAUTY.

One cannot mention all the things done here in a season that are fine and good and unselfish. To mention one isn't to slight the unmentioned. It may be that the outstanding of this summer is the planting and re-setting of flowers. Much has been done in the vicinity which I frequent, so I am especially mindful of it. One seeing a need for some beautification and buckling down to do something about it deserves a lot of credit.

This is not the only summer that Ma Lewis has taken a lead in this. It has been hard, sweating work, too. It has been a loving work that has inspired Pete and John throughout the summer to work early and late at back-breaking tasks, that Beauty may predominate on this Campus.

A time may come, when the laying of other stones has been completed, to mention Mrs. Lewis again, and Tom Elliott and others in praise of planning, and labor and beautification of the SHRINE,—A MONUMENT which is meaning more and more to us each year.

POEMS BY STUDENTS AND OTHERS.

Penland is a high-up place
In the mountains of N. C.,
Where eager beaver weavers
Put the warp where the woof should be.
Penland is so beautiful
It should never be forgot.
While weavers weave, remember please,
It's where others go to pot.

MEMORY'S WALTZ

(Written for Ruby Burkheimer about Uncle Charlie)

Old Uncle Charlie was deaf and lame,
But he always danced when the waltzmusic came.
He waltzed with a rhythem, his cane by the wall - -
Graceful and dreamy. Oh, the whipporwill's call
Sounded from the hillside. The harvest moon shone
On old Uncle Charlie as he waltzed alone.
Something of memory and youth long gone
Danced with Uncle Charlie like a loved old song.

Helen Maring.

SINGING COLORS

For Ruby Burkheimer

She who weaves such beauty
Said with pride,
"I love color—
It makes me sing inside."
She wove with a talent
Of patience and skill;
She wove like a flowered spring
Weaving on a hill . . . .
Silk, linen, woolen,
With bright rare beauty.
Things for laughter,
And use, and duty,
Cloth for a garment,
A scarf like a dream,
Gossamer curtains
Like a lost moonbeam,
Lovely in their textures.
Her dreams pile high;—
Weaving like dark storm,
Or the west wind's sigh,
Weaving pianissimo,
Arpeggios of hue,
Color songs for any heart
The whole day through.

—Helen Margin.

Many will remember that Ruby Burkheimer is a person who came to Penland as a student when The Pines was being built, and that when we had no money to finish the third floor she had me consult the contractor, and then made a check for what it would cost. To make it easy for us to pay her back, she said she would stay till her board, room and tuition would amount to as much as the third floor cost. When she left, there were still some several dollars due her, and she refused to take the change. What a gal!

Uncle Charlie has put many a song in many a heart. One year he sent cards to his friends wishing them happiness on his 80th birthday.

Don't we have interesting friends?

During our 25th anniversary we have looked at Penland of 1929, and Penland of 1954.

In looking at the map which John Morgan has made, showing Penland's World Outreach, a thought that comes to us is: What are some of the things that have brought about this miracle? Certainly among them would be a singleness of purpose in working toward things that seem to us worthwhile; togetherness; the joy of creative occupation; where love is, all things are possible.

As Penland grows larger and larger, let's never lose those things which have brought about miracles.

THINGS YOU MIGHT LIKE TO BUY:

MRS. CONLEY'S DYE BOOK — $ .50.

THE SALLY BOOK — "TALE OF WHAT IS WEAVING WHERE — $ .50 plus 7c postage.

BONNIE'S "THE STORY OF THE PENLAND WEAVERS" — 37 pages — $ .50.

"WHERE TO GET WHAT" — National Directory of Crafts & Art Supplies — $ .35.

"GO TO GRASS" — Directions for weaving with native grasses — 3 pages — $ .20.

SET OF POTTERY BLACK & WHITE PICTURES, 8' x 10' — $ .50 each, $8.50 for set of 18.

SET OF POTTERY SLIDES — $ .60 each, $10.00 for set of 18.

"A HANDICRAFT PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS" which is a map, and much information about where to find what Crafts, and who does them. — Each 10 Cents.

Write for prices on moulds for metal hammering. Sizes 3" to 12".